And this the noble Bodie: I am ſotted,
Vtterly loſt: My Virgins faith has fled me:
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sifter; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now ſweet Siſter,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall ſweetneſſe,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?
Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come.
Emil. To end the quarrell?
Gent. Yes.
Emil. Would I might end firſt:
What ſinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be foyld
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chaſtitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theſeus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Siſter,
You muſt love one of them.
Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

Enter Meſſengers. Curtis.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Theſ. From whence come you Sir?
Meſſ. From the Knights.

Theſ.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake
You that have ſeene them, what they are
Meſſ. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Six braver ſpiri
Then theſe they have brought, (if we jud
I never ſaw, nor read of: He that ſtands
In the firſt place with *Arcite*, by his ſeem
Should be a ſtout man, by his face a Princ
(His very lookes ſo ſay him) his complex
Nearer a browne, than blacke; ſterne, and
Which ſhewes him hardy, feareleſſe, prou
The circles of his eyes ſhow faire within hi
And as a heated Lyon, ſo he lookes;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke a
Like Ravens wings: his ſhoulders broad, a
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a
Hung by a curious Bauldricke; when he
To ſeale his will with, better o'my conſcie
Was never Souldiers friend.
Theſ. Thou ha'ſt well deſcribde him,
Per. Yet a great deale ſhort
Me thinkes, of him that's firſt with *Palam*
Theſ. Pray ſpeake him friend.
Per. I gheſſe he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his ſhow
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then the Knight h
But of a face far ſweeter; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and ſo a
To make this cauſe his owne: In's face app
All the fai e hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a ſetled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through
And guides his arme to brave things: Feare
He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temper, his head's y
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like I
Not to undoe with thunder; In his face

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 24